

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and every tongue that speaks
But *Romeo's* name, speaks heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, the Cords.

Jul. Ay me, what newes?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nur. A welay, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot, O *Romeo, Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.

Jul. What diuell art thou,

That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roard in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or woe.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A pittious Coarse, a bloody pittious Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I founted at the sight.

Jul. O breake my heart,

Poore Banckrout breake at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O *Tybal*, *Tybal*, the best Friend I had:

O courteous *Tybal* honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Jul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is *Romeo* slaugtered? and is *Tybal* dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:

Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybal* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,

Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybal's* blood

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, bid with a flowing face.

Jul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Beautiful Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:

Rauenous Dove-feather'd Rauon,

Woluish-rauening Lambe,

Dispis'd substance of Diuinest show:

Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,

A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:

O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was euer booke containing such vile matter

So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,

All perjur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?

These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:

Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:

O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,

That kil'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.

But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:

Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:

My husband liues that *Tybal* would haue slaine,

And *Tybal* dead that would haue slaine my husband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?

Some words there was worse then *Tybal's* death

That murdered me, I would forget it feine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,

Tybal is dead and *Romeo* banished:

That banished, that one word banished,

Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybal's*: *Tybal's* death

Was woe inough if it had ended there:

Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rankt with other griefes,

Why followed not when she said *Tybal's* dead,

Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,

Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd,

But which a rere-ward following *Tybal's* death

Romeo is banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybal*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that words death, no words can that woe sound,

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybal's* Coarse,

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent

When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,

Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:

He made you for a high-way to my bed;

But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,

And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*

To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,

Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes?

What

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sowe Company:

I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse then Doome's day?

Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,

Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:

For exile hath more terror in his looke,

Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,

But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,

And worlds exile is death. Then banished,

Is death, misteard, calling death banished,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,

And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulness!

Thy fault our Law calles death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rust aside the Law,

And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here

Where *Juliet* liues, and euer Cat and Dog,

And little Mouse, euer vnworthy thing

Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,

But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,

More Honourable state, more Courtship liues

In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze

On the white wonder of deare *Juliet's* hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and vncall modestie

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,

And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.

Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me? Banished?

O *Friar*, the damned vse that word in hell:

Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart

Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,

A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:

To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then foud Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,

Aduerities sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:

Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Juliet*,

Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,

It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no cares.

Rom. How should they,

When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that I do not seele,

Wert thou as young as *Juliet* my Loue:

An houre but married, *Tybal* murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake

Then mightest thou teare

And fall vpon the ground

Taking the measure of an

Enter Nurse

Frier. Arise one know

Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe

Rom. Not I,

Vnlesse the breath of Hea

Mist-like infold me from

Fri. Harke how they k

(Who's there) *Romeo* ar

Thou wilt be taken, stay

Run to my study: by and

What simpleness is this

Who knocks so hard?

Whence come you? wh

Nur. Let me come i

And you shall know my

I come from Lady *Juliet*

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy *Frier*,

Where's my Ladies Lor

Fri. There on the gr

With his owne teares m

Nur. O he is euen i

Iust in her case, O wofu

Pittious predicament, e

Blubbring and weeping

Stand vp, stand vp, stand

For *Juliet's* sake, for her

Why should you fall in

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, d

Rom. Speake't thou

Doth not she thinke me

Now I haue stain'd the

With blood remoued, b

Where is she? and how

My conceal'd Lady to

Nur. Oh she sayes

And now falls on her be

And *Tybal* calls, and th

And then downe falls a

Rom. As if that name sh

Did murder her, as that

Murdred her kinsman.

In what vile part of this

Doth my name lodge?

The hatefull Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy despe

Art thou a man? thy fo

Thy teares are woman

The vnreasonable Furi

Vnseemely woman, in

And ill befeeming bea

Thou hast amaz'd me.

I thought thy dispositi

Hast thou slaine *Tybal*?

And slay thy Lady, tha

By doing damned hate

Why rayl'st thou on thy